EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY.

Women Always Their Own Support.

By Mary O'Connor Newell.

THE modern woman must come to what women in every age have done, support herself and help support the family. That she does this to a larger degree than any one not familiar with statistics of women in employment is already a matter of record, but it is deplored, apologized for, denied in many cases, and almost nowhere gloried in. Everybody seems to think it a derogation of the modern man that women have to go to work in such numbers.

"The husband of today is getting more and more worthless." I have heard that remark, just as you have, a hundred times when the question of divorce is under discussion. So many men leave their families, and so many untrained women have to go to work to support children. The man is execrated. No one has a word for him. Yet I think there is much to be said for him, and I would say it in this way, that as long as we women do not recognize that we are living in new times, and must adopt new manners, so long will the problem of supporting the family be too great for many men.

Women must recognize, it seems to me, that they have always supported themselves, and that under the changed conditions of today, when their industries have gone out into the world, it is no derogation to the manly dignity of her husband for the wife to go out into the industrial field and support herself there.

It does not follow that all women must take up office work, factory work, or a profession. There is a place for the domestic woman under the new régime. I heartily believe that when all women—of course leaving out rich women, whose problems are not ours—recognize that it is not only their privilege but their duty to increase the family's cash income, new vocations and pursuits will spring up that will give plenty of likable work for the domestic woman, so-called.

Since no matter how much she saves she can save up only to a certain point, and no matter how hard she works it is still cheaper to buy than to make most articles of use and wear, it is clear that the wife most useful to her family is likely to be the one who brings in money. If she is content to live in idleness, or, if not content, is willing to live in discontent with herself and surroundings, she must limit her family. Whereas if she will accept the truth—or notion, it may be—that she must help support her family just as her mother did in other times and different manners, she can have her family and yet not see them sink into poverty, or break the husband's back trying to carry them on the one salary.

The logical carrying out of this belief would involve many changes in housekeeping methods—coöperation, combinations, the employment of expert services. Domestic women are needed. A larger development of child rearing arts is a crying demand. Doesn't every woman you know with a young infant long for the services of those splendid $10 a week nursery maids who can take a child from birth and make a healthy, well regulated human being of it, with a stronger lease on life and happiness than the average baby of an overtaxed mother?

Doesn't the poor housekeeper long to understand the art by which her neighbor runs a family more effectively on a much smaller salary, and doesn't the poor cook wish that her friend, Mrs. Jones, would communicate the secret of her delicious cakes and biscuits?

Despite man's belief to the contrary, no woman is a born cook, housekeeper, seamstress, nurse, and all that. They have forced themselves, many of them, up to a certain degree of expertness, but given a choice every one of them would be found specializing all the time. This one would like to do nothing else but cook. This one to manage the house and change the furniture about and shop, and so forth. And this one would like to mind the baby all the time.

My belief is that if their joint partnership in supporting the home under the new order were preached to women, and there was no feeling in the man's heart or the wife's that it cheapened him to have her work, there would be much more contentment in the home. Women have it preached to them all the time that it is because they have extravagant ideas and won't live on a poor man's income that all this rushing to business of women takes place. Men in their hearts believe this to be true. But is it?

In the first place, isn't it absurd to expect a woman to sink back to primitive tastes and needs simply because she has married a poor man or a man whose salary won't support a big family? Could the man do that himself? Lose all the steam, energy, initiative that have come to him through the generations just because he has fallen in love and would like a certain person for his life's companion. Isn't it more logical to allow the woman to spend this energy on a chosen work which will return her money with which she can help, as her grandmother and the mothers of all her race did, support her offspring?

Get women to thinking independently, get them educated to understand their own needs and the possibilities of their situation, and we will have the big families of an older generation, and the contented heads of households that our female predecessors were. They had enough to do that was vital and essential to the safeguarding of the race.

We haven't anything to do, most of us, but try to content ourselves and forget our loneliness during the long days and the years that Billy is busy downtown, and Frieda is busy in our kitchen.

How to Contribute Wisely to Charity.

By Hugo Krause.

IN these days of growing altruism many demands for help are made upon the charitable public—demands for hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries; demands for old people's homes, orphanages and asylums for unfortunates; demands for settlements, vacation schools, and summer outing work; demands for relief and aid, for anti-tuberculosis and anti-cruelty work; demands for prisoners' aid, anti-cigaret and law and order work; demands for outdoor art, for public lectures and mission work; demands for child placing, juvenile protection, and playground work; demands for practically every project that has ever been devised by man for the benefit of his less fortunate brother.

The question of when to give, how much to give, and in what form to give are problems with which most business men and persons of wealth are constantly confronted.

So frequent and insistent are these appeals for donations that they often tax the capacity of the ordinary business man who is trying to get a fair return on his investment. So much time is required in determining which appeals are worthy and which have a priority of claim upon religious, business or other grounds that many of the larger corporations have been compelled to establish a separate department to deal systematically and intelligently with this problem.

The man or woman of wealth has long since found it convenient to retreat behind a private secretary who carefully scrutinizes all claims for assistance of both public and private character and who keeps at bay even the most determined solicitor. In this way people of large means are better fortified than the average business man who is frequently compelled to contribute out of sheer desperation, even when he feels that the request is not a legitimate one.

This advantage, however, is partially offset by the frequent demands for benevolent aid made by wealthy social leaders of the same set, many of whom are interested in promoting their own pet charities. Under such circumstances it becomes equally embarrassing for the man of wealth to refuse, even when his better judgment directs him to do so. Quite often such demands are simply an exchange of courtesies, and there is little of true philanthropic impulse connected with them.

General and special written appeals for help are of course more easily disposed of. These appeals are readily made and the results are correspondingly unsatisfactory, as many such letters are consigned to the waste basket, even when there is return postage inclosed and the institution that sends them out is one with an established reputation. There have been instances in which such appeals have not brought enough returns to pay the expense of postage and printing, and for that reason even the best known benevolent institutions cannot rely upon that method of solicitation alone.

While lotteries and bazaars are still resorted to by religious institutions, the most popular form of raising money for charitable purposes is doubtless by means of charity balls, theatrical performances, tag days, and similar entertainments. Of late, however, there has been a movement in the right direction by some of the larger institutions which have sought promises of regular contributions in stipulated sums extending over a considerable period of time. The large element of waste of time and money is almost entirely eliminated by this process, which ought to commend itself to all those who are desirous of giving wisely, adequately, and without ostentation.

The matter of giving wisely, however, is still a question of the first importance when we stop to consider the large number of conflicting and unrelated charitable movements that compete for support. When endowments are contemplated still greater care must be exercised to anticipate future changes and developments. Of course the donor's particular eccentricities must be taken into account, as the number of eleemosynary institutions that have been devised by man extend from providing graveyards for homeless cats to the provision of marriage dowers for old maids. In some cases also one charitable institution has been formed to defeat another of opposite character.

The motives that prompt charitable contributions may be either altruistic or selfish, or a mixture of the two. So skillfully are these two impulses blended at times and so subtle is the distinction that they will not yield to a differential diagnosis and the selfish motive is sometimes mistaken for the truly philanthropic one.

What, then, is the remedy? How is the business house or the individual who is approached for a donation to know under what conditions to give or refuse? Surely every donor cannot be expected to have a scientific knowledge of a subject so intricate and far reaching as modern philanthropy. It calls for the advice of those who are specialists in this department, and every large city has or should have such a bureau of information for the guidance of those who wish to give wisely and in the truly public spirited sense.

Such a bureau should consist of a commission of non-partisan men and women with a good knowledge of the subject and broad minded enough to coördinate and correlate charitable endeavor without assuming the rôle of censors. For it should be remembered that many charitable enterprises which were once regarded as doubtful have lived to prove their worth as great public benefactions. The settlement movement is an example of this kind.

In Chicago the United Charities has the nucleus of such a bureau, which if rightly developed and managed, as we believe it has been and will continue to be, is instrumental in saving the community millions of dollars. When next approached by a solicitor call upon it for advice.

Pioneering Still Comparatively Hard.

By John A. Howland.

FORTY years ago the United States saw the great movement to the west. Everywhere in the Mississippi valley country the resident saw the white prairie schooner drifting, as if with some vast tide wind, westward. "Kansas or Bust"—any other place westward, "or bust"—was the motto painted upon the weather beaten white canvas of the wagons.

Within the last year or more history has been repeating itself in a great measure. The white wagons, lean horses and mules, and the slinking foxhound and mongrel dogs that trailed the caravans—all have disappeared in favor of homeseekers' excursion rates on the western railroads. With the price of the round trip ticket and money for meals in his pockets, the young man today may cover in hours a territory which required weeks and months in the early '70s. Many of these young men have been doing this; more of them will follow. That "fields are green, far away," will be sufficient to tempt many of them. Always youth rises to those far off opportunities which are inviting merely because of adventurous distances lying between.

But it remains a sordid, stubborn fact that the pioneer spirit always has been necessary to successful pioneer ventures. Christopher Columbus' crew chosen from the velveted times of Isabella were in revolt before his own inspired quest was completed. Homesickness and despair seized the hearts of half the early colonists of New England. Somebody's iron will and determination were necessary to hold the disheartened ones in restraint against more or less open revolt and desertion.

You may say that times have changed in the great west. So they have or the young man of today would not dream of venturing into fields which forty years ago composed the map of the Great American desert. But how much have these times changed? Everything is comparative. Forty years ago there were hardships to be endured in the small city of 5,000 population, such as are not dreamed of today. Virtually every distinctive change that came over the small city in these years has been lending to greater comfort and softening ease.

From the great cities, where so much of this modern calling of the west has been listened to, still greater attractions exist in comparison with the modern "roughing it" in even the modern west. Things which as luxuries were beyond the purse of the average man forty years ago are indulged every day without thought in present city life. In merely the life of the city streets the young man finds an ever present companionship—slight enough, as it may appear in every day, but meaningful beyond his dreams when he misses it, with a thousand miles between.

It is characteristic of youth to seek adventure. In knickerbockers, drawing upon his imagination, the small boy of America has played the mighty hunter to the walls of barn and woodshed beyond the recollections of men now living. But at the present time a new régime has sprung up in his teachings. Sentimentalist and pedagogue have been trying to smother the natural savage in his makeup. "Indian fighting" in the back yard has been giving way to "nature study" as to the habitat and domestic relations of the caterpillar and the lady bug. Here and there in the autumn season, in high schools, preparatory colleges, and universities, a chosen few boys of the time are allowed to kick in—or have kicked in—a chance face or two on the gridiron. But the fact is the young man of today isn't of pioneering material. What is he to do, now that disaffection assails him in a civilization that has been undoing him?

At the least he has no justification in looking westward as the green field of his future, stripping it of every hardship, disappointment, or chance of failure. Homesickness must be expected, searching him out. In this populating of this newer west he is likely to find the influences of the cities in his fellows who have gone before him and who shall follow after. A generation may be necessary to amalgamating them into a homogeneous whole, with the spirit of the west and of home existing among them.

The old westerner of today decries the degenerating of the west as he found it. It is lacking in most of those old hardships and privations which required all his manhood to withstand when he was pathfinder in the wilderness. Sharp as present day comparisons may be between the city and the new west, the old westerner looks upon it as child's play—dilettante, effeminate.

He has forgotten that his hardships are half a century behind him now. He overlooks the fact that the desert upon which he settled has been blossoming for these many years. But blossoming as it may have been, civilized as the newer west today is, that young man from the centers of city life will find crude flowering of the wilderness compared with the diversions and ease of the city which he has left so far behind him. He will need all his fortitude and spirit of his fathers.

More than all this he will need to have behind him a knowledge of that which he goes to seek as fortune and betterment of his conditions. If he shall till the soil from the roof tree of his little shack he must know what shack life is as an all important cervisty, stripped of imagination. If his home is intolerable, how shall he remain and work in that spirit that is necessary anywhere to success? Or if he shall find novelty and diversion and content in the wilderness life, how much more desirable is the knowledge of what and how to use his acres and where and how to command his markets?

The fact remains today that many men, grown old and stale and sick of city life, are finding their opportunities in the wilderness of the newer, more circumscribed west. Jaded and worn by overcivilization and extravagance, and having within them the wider knowledge of men and things which are such necessities in the comparison of things, these men of another generation are planting the seeds of the west of this new, near future.

Let the young man counsel with them if he can and learn. At the least let him not fly blindly, rapturously away into something which by training and ignorance he knows least of.

One Day in Life of a Newspaper Woman.

By Mary Isabel Brush.

I AM writing this in answer to an article that was written in a magazine about the woman in newspaper work. The girl who wrote it said that once when she was on a story a butler slammed the door in her face and just missed crushing her hand. She says every newspaper woman lives in an atmosphere of crime and hobnobs with servants. She says that newspaper women lose their self-respect; that people run away from them; that they do not have the respect of newspaper men.

That was quite a while ago, but kind men and women look at me compassionately still and say: "My dear, when a man refuses to see you in his office, do you follow him to his private car and try to force him into an interview?" That is one of the things she says is done. She seems to be most serious minded.

I always reply that no man ever refused to see me in his office, which is the truth. Then I add, of course, that it is terribly difficult to get the news, especially if you have other errands.

I promised to write about it some time and today was a typical one in my experience. The city editor said: "We want a nice story about the widows and widowers. We want to know who this mysterious committee of seven is. We want to know how the wives feel who have husbands that are invited when they themselves are not. We want to know if the husbands are going to let their wives go when the husbands are not invited."

The city editor says he likes to send me on a story because I transmit impressions—that my mind is like a sieve. He says that all he has to do is to send me to a thing and that every detail of it will sift through me on to the paper.

My instructor in college used to say that to transmit visual impressions was one of the most difficult accomplishments in art. Anyway, I call up the city editor every noon to ask him where he is going to send me, so that I shall know what dress to put on. One day I called up a second time to ask if it was cold outside, and he said: "Well, I'll be darned! Wait a minute and I'll send Jimmie out to take the barometric reading."

Well, on the day for the indoor story (that's the way we slugged it in copy), I had to buy a hat—or at least look around for one. When you are on a salary, of course all of your time is supposed to be devoted to your paper. But one must have a little leisure—and hats.

Then there is a young man who calls me up every afternoon and says: "What's doing?" He is on another paper and has much more difficult assignments than I. But when I tell him he always says: "Well, I guess we ought to be able to put that over in short order. I'll meet you down under the clock." That is what he said this time, but I hadn't told him about the hat.

He said for me not to be so late as I usually am, but, of course, I got detained. There was a society editor who wanted to tell me about the impertinent girl who wished to have her engagement announced. The sporting editor wanted to know how his new clothes looked, and one of the men reporters came up with: "Well, what are you doing today, the Merriam investigation or horse show gowns?"

They took about an hour, and it bade fair to be a difficult afternoon, for it was 3 o'clock and I had promised to be under the clock at 2:30, and he didn't know about the hat. Besides, it is terrible to get such a late start, when you want to try on the hats in all the stores, which, of course, should be done before buying. If you go only to a few in one day and start on the others the next you can't retain your exact impressions of the hats that you have already tried on.

I was thinking about this when the city editor said: "You will find this a difficult story. We had Tenney on it last night (he's one of the star men) for two hours. He took the social register and began with the A's. I guess he called up everybody down through the D's, and he didn't find a soul who would say a doggone word."

The city editor is new and gets quite disturbed. It is customary for people to start on their assignments earlier. I was glad to have him speak so, for it reminded me to call up about my story. The man who was to help me was apt to be out from 11:30 until 3 taking luncheon at his club, and you can't tell when he's going to leave at 4.

He is the head of his firm and he signs checks. Sometimes he stays until after 6 working at this and then again you'll call and his secretary will say: "O, he's gone to the Saddle and Cycle club for dinner."

"I guess I'll come over to your office and see you," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "I supposed you would."

"Why, Mr. ——," I replied, greatly surprised. "I've been meaning to come for a month. There must be something in thought transference."

"No doubt," he said. "But in your paper this morning I read about a widows and widowers' party, and I fancied a little additional information would be acceptable. That is how the thought was transferred. You see, you've made me into a pretty good newspaper man. But you haven't called me up for a month. Can't you come right away?"

"No," I answered. "This is going to be a dreadfully busy afternoon with me. I'm simply piled up with work. But could you possibly give me something on the story if I came at 4 o'clock. I'm greatly troubled over it and do need help."

He said he surely would, and I left the city editor in happy spirits.

Things went worse than could ever have been expected. No one could have believed that any human being would ever have made such a fuss about going to a millinery store as that man made. Then when he got there he saw a hat which he was possessed to have me get. I hadn't really meant to buy one just then and I certainly didn't want that one. It was little and somber and made me look pale.

The only ruse by which I ever got him out was to remind him of his assignment and to ask if he really had to have two columns on it. That was a happy thought, and he went to the congressional commission while I went where there was a looking glass to fix my veil. We were to meet in twenty minutes out in front of where the congressional commission resides.

While I was tidying up, however, I just happened to look at a clock and it was twenty minutes past 4! "Good gracious," I thought, and ran for a telephone. Mr. —— said he would wait if I would hurry, and I guess I did. In all decency I had to stop at the congressional commission and leave a note with the telephone girl to be sure to give to that man who had waited so long for me. These little details of the work are all so tiring. I said how sorry I was and asked him to come over and wait for me below.

That was the first move in a bad game. My acquaintance had so much to talk about with me. If I would ever get out of that pesky, infernal work—the phraseology was his—so that his mother could have me out at their country home without immediately being accused of supplying the public press with its scandals. His parents have one of the finest country places hereabouts. But I told him that I cared but little for wealth and luxury, and should certainly never sacrificed one step of my art for it.

At any rate, he seemed to fear that already he was suspected of helping me in my work. I told him that I never, never in the wide world mentioned him. I didn't see what I could do about that. He said at length that he guessed it was just his own guilty conscience at work, for he had helped me, he felt, shamefully, and he meant to help me even more.

He was nice and said that if anybody did suspect him it was his own fault absolutely, and he was sure I could not betray a confidence.

Just then the telephone bell rang and to my perfect surprise the person on the wire wanted to know if I was there!

It was that man whom I had told to meet me. For a moment I almost felt provoked. How was I ever to explain that it was not my office, but just a chance acquaintance who was tired of waiting for me. To my surprise he seemed to think it was funny. That is until I insisted on explaining to him that it was not a business but a sort of social appointment, and that I certainly had only mentioned him to this friend in the most casual way because it was necessary for him to know where I was, so he could get me and that if there was any one thing my mother had taught me not to do was to talk about one of my men friends to another. This man, I explained, was impatient. He kept me forever dancing at his beck and call.

Then he did get mad. "Just some reporter you are running around with, is it?" he demanded frowning. "This infernal newspaper work isn't fit for a woman to be in, anyway. What I want to know is when we are going to have that luncheon. My sister and her husband can come almost any day. We'll go to the Union League club, and I'll send you motoring afterward with my sister."

But I did not think it best to name a day. Wealth has really little attraction for me beside art.

My reporter friend thinks it's a terrible mistake ever to try to make personal friends out of those in the fashionable circle. We talked about it all the rest of that afternoon.

P. S.: I got the story that I went after. It was printed on page 1. The city editor said that I had done a good day's work, and as he didn't see any good "lady's" assignment for the evening he thought I had better go to a show. My friend the reporter called up to find out what was on for the evening and when I told him he said he guessed he could get off for a while, so we both went over to see Billie Burke.

FIGHTING AND EVOLUTION.

BY E. P. SIMPSON.

The fathers of English ethnology
Declare that the first pair were black,
What transmutation has changed us
That we cannot change or go back.

Then under the laws of good breeding
And Darwin's natural selection,
The whites are the "sports" of the nation
Just bunched for their own self-protection.

Therefore if mankind is advancing,
The white should win on this tack,
For Jeff was the champ of the white race,
Only second rates fell to the black.

But if Adam was black, as historians say,
And Jack Johnson wins, as he possibly may,
And the white man should fall from the pugilists' throne,
The black one would only come into his own,
For the good book says once Ethiopia did reign,
And prophesies that she will do it again.

The Expert's Part in Beautifying Cities.

By Frank H. Williams.

IT is probable that few Americans realize the extent to which the desire for beautification and improvement has carried municipalities in all sections of this country. The figures are surprising. Within recent years over fifty cities, ranging from 50,000 to millions in population, have employed experts in municipal planning to study their commonwealths and prepare definite plans for betterment. In some places the success with which these plans have been carried out is little short of remarkable.

Among the cities which have employed experts for this purpose are the following: Detroit, Denver, Colorado Springs, Columbus, Buffalo, Syracuse, Pittsburg, Los Angeles, Oakland, Santa Barbara, San José, Honolulu, Watertown, N. Y.; Ogdensburg, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Ridgewood, N. J.; Jamestown, N. Y.; San Diego, Fort Wayne, Ind.; New York, Boston, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Cleveland, Washington, Sacramento, Roanoke, San Francisco, Utica, Columbia, S. C.; Harrisburg, Greenville, S. C.; Montclair, N. J.; Kansas City, and others.

The experts who have done the greatest amount in this line are John Nolen, F. L. Olmstead, A. W. Brunner, H. P. Kelsey, John M. Carrere, George E. Kessler, and Charles Mulford Robinson.

As a result of these plans some of the cities named have made notable improvements along the lines suggested. Perhaps the most notable examples of this at the present time are offered by Kansas City, Cleveland, Washington, Harrisburg, Dubuque, and Cedar Rapids. Denver is about to vote on its big civic center scheme. Mr. Robinson is now preparing plans for Des Moines, Ia.

The preparation of the plans for a city's improvements involves a tremendous amount of labor. As remuneration for their services the experts receive compensation ranging from $1,500 upward. They pay all the expenses connected with the work—traveling expenses, extra labor, photographs, research, typewriting, etc. The time consumed in making the plans and the necessary investigations is never less than three months, and may run four or five times as long as that. Some particularly comprehensive and elaborate plans have been made, notably those for the largest cities, Chicago, New York, and San Francisco. In the Chicago plans, made public three or four months ago, sketches of the city, the water front, civic center, etc., were made by Jules Guerin and other world famous artists.

The manner in which the expert gains the necessary material for his plans is interesting. First, of course, it is necessary to know the city from the city hall or the courthouse to the outermost suburb and beyond. To secure this knowledge several days are devoted to sightseeing in the company of city officials or others familiar with the city. During this time photographs are taken of various spots. Particular attention is paid to the location of parks, play grounds, boulevards, public buildings, waterways, and railroads. After this several days are spent in going over the city maps, records, ordinances, and so forth, as in this way it is possible to find out everything about the city's financial standing, the building laws, and public land.

With this mass of material the expert returns to his home, where everything is boiled down into a comprehensive whole. Another trip to the city may be made for the securing of further material. When everything is at hand the report is written. It is generally divided into a number of divisions, as for instance: Business streets, the official quarter, residence streets, the public market, a civic center, parks and driveways, and playgrounds. Naturally, no two reports are alike; the divisions vary but the general idea is the same for all.

In all the plans which have so far been made for American cities the experts have pointed out to the townspeople opportunities for beautification and improvement which would probably never have occurred to them unaided. The expert views the municipality with an eye unfettered by familiarity and trained by long years of experience.

ANCIENT TOILET AIDS. By EUGENE ST. JOHN.

THE Roman poet Ovid gives the following recipe of one of the compositions then in use among the ladies to increase the smoothness of their skin or to conserve its delicacy.

"Take the barley of Libya and remove the chaff and hull; take an equal quantity of vetch or of bitter vetch. Mix the one and the other with eggs; then dry and grind the whole and with it mix powdered hartshorn. Add some narcissus bulbs previously ground in a mortar and some gum, and also some farina made from Tuscan wheat. Now thicken the mixture with a greater quantity of honey and the resulting composition will render the skin smoother than a mirror."

Pliny, the naturalist, mentions a wild vine with thick leaves that were almost white. The vine shoot was knotty and the bark ordinarily broken. "It produces," he said, "red berries that yield a scarlet colored juice, and these berries, ground with the leaves of the vine, perfectly cleanse the skin."

Incense was included in most of the cosmetics then in use. "Proper incense is agreeable to the gods," said Ovid, "nevertheless we may not place all of it in the sacred braziers; there are many other altars of another sort that claim its perfumed vapor." The same poet had known women who ground poppy seeds in water and rubbed it on their cheeks. Others covered their faces with bread dough moistened with ass' milk. Poppæa, the wife of notorious Nero, used a species of unctuous paint largely composed of boiled rye. Applied to the face it formed a crust that remained for some time and was removed by washing with milk. Poppæa, who gave this paste to the world, left it her name. Thus masked the women were wont to come and go in the interior of their homes. This dough face was their home face and the only one known to their husbands. "Their lips," said the satirist Juvenal, "stuck to the glue of their wives' makeup. The fresh flowers that adorned their faces after the toilet were reserved for their lovers."

There was another recipe, simpler than Ovid's, that enjoyed a greater vogue. This was a paint made of earth from the Mediterranean islands of Scio and Samos dissolved in vinegar. Pliny states that the earth of Selinus, a city of Sicily famous for its parsley, was used to whiten the skin. This earth was white as milk and promptly dissolved in water. The Greeks and Romans had a metallic paint that they used to whiten the skin that was nothing more than white lead.

Their red paint, or rouge, was derived from the rizion root, which was found in Syria. This was probably the root we know as madder. Later, to enhance the whiteness of their complexion, they used a paint made from a sort of silvery clay. For a rouge they used also purpurissimum, a preparation of the foam of purple dye while still hot.

The injurious qualities of such ingredients were recognized by the ancients as well as ourselves.

"Simple and natural graces," said Afranius, "the blushes of modesty, playfulness, and love, are the most seductive adornments of youth. As for those of maturer age, their best adornments are wit and accomplishments."

It is noteworthy that the Latin word for soap, sapo, is derived from the low German word sepe. The ancient Belgians had a sort of caustic soap or rouge that was probably the origin of the well known old Dutch soap.

The Romans had toothpicks of wood and quills. The wealthier of them had toothpicks of silver and gold.